UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Creation versus Imitation

By CLARENCE R. SKINNER

Force in a World Order

By WILLIAM M. SALTER

The New Evangelism

Part II

By ROBERT WHITAKER

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. XCI THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1923 NUMBER 15

The archangel Hope
Looks to the azure Cope,
Waits through dark ages for the morn,
Defeated day by day, but unto Victory born.

The sublime question has startled one and another happy soul in different quarters of the globe,—Cannot love be, as well as hate? Would not love answer the same end, or even better? Cannot peace be as well as war? . . .

The idea itself is the epoch; the fact that it has become so distinct to any small number of persons as to become a subject of prayer and hope, of concert and discussion—*that* is the commanding fact. This having come much more will follow. Revolutions go not backward. The star once risen though only one man in the hemisphere has yet seen its upper limb in the horizon, will mount and mount, until it become visible to other men, to multitudes, and climbs the zenith of all eyes. And so it is not a great matter how long men refuse to believe the advent of peace: War is on its last legs; and a universal peace is as sure as is the prevalence of civilization over barbarism, of liberal governments over feudal forms. The question for us is only *How Soon?*

—*Emerson,* 1838.

Again we are rebuked for our "constant fault-finding." Let us see! When did we find fault with the Russian revolutionists? when with the hard-pressed Austrian and German governments? when with the British Labor Party? when with the non-co-operation movement in India? when with prohibition, woman suffrage, nationalization of land and utilities, etc., etc. When did we find fault with Lenin, Nitti, Rathenau, Longuet, Macdonald, Henderson, Snowden, Gandhi, Romain Rolland, Bertrand Russell, Paul Richards? Or, turning to America, when did we find fault with the Committee of 48, the Farmer-Labor Party, the Socialists, the I. W. W., the trades unions, Debs, Foster, Hillman, Borah, La Follette, Shipstead, Brookhart, Walsh, Jane Addams, Julia Lathrop, Judge Allen, Homer Folks, Lillian Wald? Or, speaking of religion, when did we ever find fault with any liberal movement in any church, or with any liberal religious leader—Walter Rauschenbusch, Washington Gladden, Josiah Strong, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Robert Collyer, Bishop Williams, Percy Stickney Grant, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Harry F. Ward, J. Howard Melish, Norman Thomas? It is not true that we are guilty of "constant fault-finding." Our dictionary defines "constant" as meaning "invariable," "perpetual," "all the time." But our "fault-finding," such as it is, is *not* of that kind. We praise movements, men and ideas, which seem to us to be progressive, liberating, of sure promise for "life more abundantly"; and this praise takes up a large part of our utterance in these columns. On the other hand we find fault with influences, personal and social, with which we disagree. But wherein would we be worthy of our convictions, or faithful to truth as we see it, if we did not do this? Our correspondent does exactly this thing in finding fault with our fault-finding which he does not like. In other words, he does just what we do, and is right in so doing!

But we are charged not only with "fault-finding," but also with being "destructive." Let us see again! To be "destructive," as we understand it, is to tear down without building up; to condemn without offering remedies; to destroy without working out a program of reconstruction. Now, are we "destructive" in this sense of the word? Not for a minute! We attack the denominational church—and present as a substitute the community church, which involves the most definite, thorough-going, forward-looking plan of religious reform that the world has seen since the early days of Protestantism. We denounce war and preparedness for war, condemn the Versailles Peace Treaty, question the League of Nations and its Court—and offer as a positive solution of the problems concerned, the Borah-Levinson program for the Outlawry of War. We are opposed to capitalism, believe with Sidney and Beatrice Webb that the decay and disappearance of this particular type of economic organization are at hand—and we plead for reconstruction along familiar socialistic lines. We believe in prohibition, in disarmament, in public ownership, in co-operation, in the economic independence of women, in liberal divorce laws, in birth control, in equality for the Negro, in unrestricted immigration, in prison reform. One may agree with these policies, or disagree with them; but, whether or no, they are positive and not negative, constructive and not "destructive." The fact is, we are "destructive" not of everything, but of certain particular things which seem very precious to our critics. These critics read certain other papers which seem not "destructive" at all to them, because these papers agree with their views, but which seem woefully "destructive" to us because they hit our fondest desires. It all depends on the point of view! We insist that we have a program. We do not ask anybody to accept it; we ask everybody to recognize it!

In all this discussion of "fault-finding," "destructiveness," etc., we can't for the life of us see why each one of us should not be content to let the other fellow hold any opinions he wants to hold, including opinions of our opinions. And, believing in free speech as we do, we cannot for the life of us see why each one of us should not be content to let the other fellow say anything he wants to say about other men's opinions, including our own. Why should a man wax indignant because we say that his ideas seem to us to be false, stupid, wicked, anything you like? Has this man been endowed with the privilege of infallibility, that no one shall question or challenge his opinions without being charged with being a "fault-finder,"—"destructive," "vindictive," "unforgiving"? Why should we ourselves be unhappy or indignant because some dissenter characterizes us as a fool, a lunatic, a traitor, a "red"? We have had our full share, we surmise, of this kind of assault in our few years—denunciation, ridicule, contempt, outlawry, have been the meat and drink of which we have been forced to partake all our public life. But we have not seen, and do not now see, why our critics are not acting entirely within their rights in saying as clearly and loudly as possible anything about us that seems to them to be true. Nay, we believe they are not only acting within their rights but are measuring up to the strictest exactions of their duty, in stating their honest judgment on our words and deeds. All this talk about avoiding hard-thinking and straight-speaking makes us weary—and also fearful for the moral fibre of our race. What are we made of—"a mush of concession," as Emerson put it, or iron that glows with the heat of passionate conviction that it may be welded into a well-wrought structure of fulfilled ideals?

"Courage, l'ami. Le diable est mort"—such was the constant cry with which the old soldier in Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth" kept up the good spirits of his comrades. We doubt if he was right in his assertion that the "devil is dead"; but we are certain that the devil is dying, and that, at any rate, we may well take courage: Look at a few of the things that are happening! The bill repealing the iniquitous Lusk Laws in New York has been signed by Governor Smith, and education in that state is once again free. The Governor of Florida has signed the bill abolishing whipping in the prisons, and one of the blackest stains on American life has therewith been wiped away. Bryan's endeavor to outlaw evolution from the house of his friends, the Presbyterians, has been defeated, and enlightenment thus vindicated afresh. England, in the throes of post-war reaction, is still unable to stomach Curzon as prime minister, and the noble lord is left to sulk in the dignified seclusion of the House of Lords. Mussolini is facing growing opposition among his countrymen, and is thus forced to spend most of his time repairing fences. All is not lost, dear friends! There is still some commonsense in the world—still some basic rationality in the human soul. Men have powers of recovery, spiritual if not material, which seem at times to be boundless; and what they lose today is recovered, however slowly and painfully, tomorrow. We denounce much, and raise alarm frequently. But we are keeping tab all the time on the good things in the record, and thus are never for long discouraged.

It is not necessary to answer the arguments put forth by the American Iron and Steel Institute in its shocking refusal to drop the 12-hour day. These arguments answer themselves. Not enough labor to supply an 8-hour shift because of immigration restrictions? Native American labor would gladly enter the industry if conditions were decently human. The agitation against the 12-hour day "not created or endorsed by the workmen" themselves? What about the great strike of three years ago! The workmen eager for the longer day because of the extra pay? Suppose the men were paid a living wage for the shorter day! The 12-hour day more healthful because less fatiguing than an 8-hour day? This was not the opinion of Stuyvesant Fish's committee of stockholders who reported against the 12-hour day because of its evils in "lessening the vigor and virility of the workmen." One gets the impression from this report, read by Judge Gary, that the 12-hour day is a wholly beneficent institution, exclusively maintained at the request and in the interest of labor. Common-sense is the all-sufficient answer to such an idea. If more is needed, let our readers turn to the Inter-Church World Movement Report, and read therein the facts! What we would speak of particularly in this place is not the refusal of the Iron and Steel Institute to get rid of this crowning abomination of American labor conditions, but the way in which this refusal is coupled with and endorsed by a religious appeal. Judge Gary, through whose mouth the Institute spoke its decision, is reported to have declared "in tones of utmost earnestness" that no controversy could be settled fairly "except in accordance with the principles of the Christian religion." "It is in accordance with our instincts and judgment to say," was his declaration, "that it pays a nation or an individual to follow a Christian course." Again, "the fundamental and controlling doctrine of the nation's laws should be in accordance with the principles of the Holy Bible, and every administrator should be compelled to indorse and practise its undeniable precepts." We suppose there are some persons who can stomach this. We can't!

Sir William Orpen, the famous English artist, was commissioned to paint three historic pictures for the Imperial War Museum. Two of these pictures, one of the Peace Conference and the other of the signing of

the Treaty of Versailles, have been accepted. The third, which was to have depicted the notables, the generals, admirals and politicians who won the war, assembled in the hall of Versailles, has been shown at the exhibition of the Royal Academy. It probably will not be accepted by the Imperial War Museum. The newspaper reproductions of the picture reveal the fact that it is the last sort of picture that is ordinarily wanted in such a place. Evidently the artist and the soldier revolted at the idea of producing another picture to glorify war. It is said to be the "strangest picture of modern times." Sir William painted the magnificent Hall of Mirrors. Then he painted the assembled notables. But they are not in the picture which was hung on the walls of the Academy. He struck them out, and in their place put the coffin of an unknown soldier guarded by two dead soldiers from trench-graves. Over their heads are two cupids with a festoon of laurel, and through an open doorway is seen a radiant crucifix. It is easy to understand why all London is stirred by the picture. "I painted it," says Sir William, "in all seriousness and solemnity." We may well believe that the artist-soldier did. There, amid all that splendor which was the scene of humanity's broken hope, the dead soldier and his ghostly comrades challenge the world, and rebuke those who were false to their promises to the dead. They come back to ask why they and their comrades died in vain. In their presence the notables, with their gaudy decorations and flimsy tinsel, fade into insignificance. It is no wonder that the artist painted them out. They have fled from the bitter cry of protest from millions of trench-graves. We are grateful to Sir William for this picture painted in "all seriousness and solemnity." It is an appeal from those who died in the "war to end war," that their sacrifice shall not be in vain!

The American Unitarian Association, at its annual convention recently held in Boston, adopted a resolution calling for the release of political prisoners. We are unfeignedly glad to get the news of this action not so much for the sake of the men for whom pardon is asked, as for the sake of the Unitarians. Nothing, we are persuaded, not even a petition direct from the Great White Throne itself, will avail to open the mind of the President on this issue of amnesty; he has here a fixed idea, which may be altered by political considerations or worn away by official routine, but will never be transformed by arguments for justice or appeals for mercy. What is unimportant from the standpoint of the prisoners, however, is vitally important from the standpoint of the Unitarians themselves. Year after year, they have violated their principles, betrayed their traditions, by refusing to support the cause of liberty for men imprisoned for nothing but honest thought, honestly even if unwisely spoken, in the crisis of the great war. Nothing could be more inconsistent with the record of Unitarians, nothing more essentially alien to their nature and training, than this obstinate repudiation, in this specific instance, of the very ideals for the vindication of which they may be presumed to have reason for existing at all. But now the error is retrieved—the stain, so far as it can be, washed away! Once again the Unitarians march with the vanguard of freedom, and desert, as they should have deserted years ago, the hosts of tyranny and persecution. For this victory of commonsense and courage, one man above all others deserves credit. We refer to Rev. Henry W. Pinkham. Year after year, he has risen in the face of a hostile assembly to present this cause. Ridicule, denunciation, personal ostracism have alike been unavailing to deter him from his purpose. And now he has won out! We congratulate him, and offer to him our tribute of admiration.

If churches are to be a vital factor in the life of humanity they must afford an opportunity for frank, earnest and serious discussion of the real problems of life. If the church would compete with the movie and the vaudeville show in an effort to entertain people, they might as well quit. Their competitors are much better equipped to do the job. If the minister is to be an entertainer, he had better go where he can get adequate salary for that sort of work. Surely there is no incentive for a man or woman to go into the ministry if he is to emulate the popular preachers of mediaeval times whose repertory of stories was their chief drawing card. Religion grows out of the passions of men for truth and righteousness. Those who care for these things are more concerned with the tears than they are with the laughter of mankind. And because the great masses of men prefer anesthesia to life, preachers of religion cannot, as they value their souls, be popular. The business of a minister is to preach the truth and not to fill the churches. If he is concerned with what the people want rather than what the people ought to hear he is on the level with the vaudeville actor whose salary is determined by the length of the applause that follows his act. Some of the antics of modern preachers which are used to get audiences are on a par with those of a minister who some years ago made a habit of jumping up and down every Sunday evening, to the delight of his congregation. People went to see how high he would jump. Nothing could degrade the church or religion more than this. And yet today churches are asking not what the minister has to say but how large audiences will he draw. On this basis he will draw crowds till the novelty wears off and then the people will seek some new form of amusement. This business of being a clown in the name of religion certainly indicates nothing more nor less than spiritual degeneracy.

In last week's UNITY we printed the correspondence which came into our hands between Senator Borah and

Dr. Olin Templin, Dean of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, University of Kansas, as interesting and important exhibits in the campaign for the Outlawry of War, now going forward so triumphantly under the leadership of Senator Borah. Reports indicate great audiences to hear the Idaho Senator wherever he appears, with rapturous welcome to his appeals for his Resolution. On the other hand is the growing embarrassment of President Harding in his colossal blunder over the League Court. The administration's proposal of course satisfies nobody; and the resulting confusion and dissension leave the road wide open for the one clear-cut, thorough-going, effective program now in sight—i. e., Outlawry.

Creation versus Imitation

The psychological study of society reveals two antagonistic forces struggling for mastery of institutions; namely, creation and imitation. The relative power exerted by either of these socio-psychological influences, depends upon many factors. A study of these factors is of vital interest and importance to all who have to do with institutional life.

In the beginning, an institution arises because the creative spirit demands a mechanism through which to function. At a period when men are shaken by great upheavals of thought, when they become dominated by a great new passion and purpose, imagination is quickened, habits are broken, and new institutions are formed. They are vital because they have to be. They are founded in the face of tremendous opposition. The forces permeating them are eager, contemporary, basic. The persons who embody and direct these creative impulses must of necessity be forward looking persons. They are social creators.

At the beginning of its history, an institution must struggle to free itself from imitation of the old. It must battle against compromise. It must be unsurrendered.

On the other hand, an institution which is established and has become popular, has settled into the ruts of custom. It is imitative, non-creative, filled with inertia and compromise. It becomes bound in form and ceremony. As Emerson once put it: "Every spirit makes its house; but afterwards the house confines the spirit."

The people who control institutions in their later and prosperous days are the entrenched classes. They are the possessing group, and possessions make conservatism. They are of necessity not the prophets, the creators, but the imitators and conservers. They furnish cohesiveness and stability, but not creativeness and vitality to an institution.

The struggle for mastery between these forces and classes is the struggle which is always going on in society, determining the character of its institutions. When the creative forces gain the ascendency, institutions are dynamic, serviceable, pliant, vigorous, fundamental. When the imitative forces gain control, institutions become respectable, self-centered, somnolent, egotistic, and superficial.

The chief danger of institutions is success. Nothing fails like success. Victory, contentment, imitation, tradition, is the usual process of fossilization, and it takes place so insidiously, so subtly, that the majority do not know that they have descended into lifelessness. When an institution becomes a dam across the stream of progress, there are men standing in the towers waving flags, and proclaiming to the admiring world how they are leading progress. The more completely absorbed a leader becomes in the administration of an institution, the less he knows of its place in society. He usually develops myopia. He is so accustomed to looking through the microscope, that he can't see through the telescope. The best way to know what is going on inside an institution, is to get outside of it. It is only the person who is somewhat on the outside who can gain perspective as to the decadence of creative spirit within.

The fundamental fallacy of the old established institution is that it tries to solve new problems with old habits. This is well enough when life runs smoothly through well defined grooves. Habitual modes of activity maintain men in equilibrium in times of static society.

But in a period when life becomes insurgent, when vast issues shake the foundations of the world, imitations are inadequate. To fall back upon the past for solutions is to confess the spiritual bankruptcy of the present. The solution of new problems lies in the ability to invent, and to bring all the resources of life up to the emergency.

When society meets a new situation it must create. But to create, one must feel the social urgency and must be free. Here is where institutionalization lays its dead hand upon the eager and vital spirit, with its insensitiveness to need for change, and its proposal of old solutions. Its reiteration of old outworn principles, and its appeal to static loyalties hold back and discourage the daring mind and the creative spirit. The institution which was builded to express insurgency and revolt, finally becomes the prison house. The grandsons of the emancipators become the wardens and the turnkeys.

Then—a new revolt. When society meets a new situation the administrator of institutions is so engrossed in maintaining institutionalism that he cannot or will not see the issue. His solution is to build a new building, or raise some more money, or get some new members. The people within the institution have

become predominantly the imitative type. Not being the spiritual heirs of the founders they cannot or will not create. They again propose old habits as new solutions. They do not realize their own lifelessness because they are so entirely loyal that they stay within at all costs and thus seldom see or hear the stirring life outside. They have no measure of adequacy whereby to judge the service rendered by their institution.

Therefore—the revolt.

The movement which Bergson calls "the continual elaboration of the absolutely new" will not break the old habit. The creative spirit becomes rampant. Its manifestations are frequently crude, but they are usually vital. A new generation of prophets and seers arises who make new houses for the spirit.

These facts and laws are especially applicable and important for us of the present day because of the fact that the world at large is in turmoil. Life has become insurgent. Changes in the entire social, political and economic order thrust new problems upon men. The acute problem which confronts thinking men and women today is the question of creation versus imitation, spirit versus institution, prophet versus administrator. Which career, which path? The one way, honor, popularity, a full stomach and a static life. The other way, misunderstanding, carping criticism, perhaps hunger, but the eternal divine fire and fellowship with the singing stars.

CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

Jottings

We can't understand the row that our Socialist brethren are making over the discovery that Mr. Taft is receiving a Carnegie pension of $10,000 a year. We think of many other and more cogent reasons why this Chief Justice should not be sitting on the Supreme Court.

The Unitarian Ministerial Union recently submitted to its members certain resolutions for a vote by mail. The results of the balloting are a credit to this body of clergymen and the church which they serve. They were as follows: To call on the President for unconditional amnesty to wartime prisoners, 230 to 44; for a new effort, as outlined by President Harding, to outlaw war from the earth, 226 to 5; in favor of Federal prohibition as a policy, 186 to 42; for enforcement of the Volstead act, 181 to 28; approving refusal of New England railroads to grant special rates or privileges to clergymen, 160 to 59.

On May 23rd last, Hon. Elihu Root called at the White House to see the President. Mr. Harding chanced to be busy, and the distinguished visitor was kept waiting forty-five minutes. This fact was telegraphed to New York and printed as a special despatch on the front page of the *Times* with headlines running across two columns. Thus are we taught, by the editor of the greatest daily in America, what is "news"!

No statement has pleased us so much for a long time as that of President Franklin C. Southworth, of the Meadville Theological School, reported from his address before the Berry Street Conference in Boston. Pointing out that it took thirty centuries or more for Egypt to produce her mummies, he stated that some of our modern theological schools "seem capable of achieving the same result in three years." Wisely and wittily said!

We have not the slightest sympathy with the attempt of the Presbyterian fundamentalists to drive Harry Emerson Fosdick from the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church of New York on charge of heresy. Nevertheless, we think we catch occasionally their point of view. Thus, in answer to the complaint that Fosdick betrays Presbyterian doctrine, an elder of the Church retorts that "you can't get a seat when he (Fosdick) talks!" With all our sympathy for the heretic, we submit we find this a peculiar test of truth.

Dr. John H. Hutton, the successor of Dr. J. H. Jowett at the Westminster Chapel, London, stated at a recent meeting that he had always had an idea that Russia was the Messiah of the Nations. "All through history she has saved Europe while going under herself."

In a survey of conditions surrounding infant life made by the U. S. Children's Bureau, a special study in Gary, Indiana, showed that infant mortality bore a close relation to economic conditions among the workers. Thus, when the breadwinner's wage amounted to not less than $1,850, the infant death rate was 89.4; when earnings were between $1,050 and $1,850, the rate rose to 127.1; when the income fell below $1,050, the rate increased to 137.8. It really seems as though economics has something to do with life, doesn't it? And with religion also! We beg to refer the report of the Children's Bureau to the earnest Christian in whose honor the town of Gary is named.

J. H. H.

An American in Berlin

Editorial Correspondence

One of the most intelligent Americans I have met in Berlin is Dr. Louis P. Lochner, at Giesebrechtstrasse 20. He is thoroughbred American enough to have been born in Springfield, Illinois (Lincoln's native place) and on Washington's birthday. I was lucky in finding this out by calling on the 18th of February and so of being invited to his "party" on the 22nd. Few people are born in Lincoln's town on Washington's birthday.

My first acquaintance with Dr. Lochner was in connection with the "People's Council" idea, that stirred up America in war times and aroused violent opposition of reactionaries from coast to coast—in the days when I innocently thought Americans enjoyed free speech, guaranteed by the Constitution. I cannot better introduce him than by telling you what I caught him doing when I entered his study. On the table before him was a manuscript, on which were some fresh marks. It was a translation into English of Maxim Gorky's "Selections from My Diary." He was going over it carefully putting on many finishing touches for a friend. On a table at his left was another manuscript, which he had just finished, a book of his own on "The Other Henry Ford." This will soon be in the print and is sure to attract attention. For one year he was secretary to Mr. Ford, at the time of the "Peace Ship" Excursion to Europe. This book will not only be a popular narration of that excursion, but will be a presentation of the important idea of gaining peace through continuous neutral mediation. I asked him, if his story was likely to affect Mr. Ford's Presidential aspirations; he replied that this was not his concern, he had simply written a plain unvarnished tale of an unique and significant event of the Great War. (Later I have read half of Dr. Lochner's book. His description of the beastly venality of the newspaper men on the "Ford Ship" is startling and only confirms Upton Sinclair's "Brass Check" exposures. The book is sure to win wide popularity.) He is also just now in the midst of a translation into German of Scott Nearing's book, "The Next Step Forward," being a discussion of world finance.

I first asked him what led him to come to Berlin. "It is a long story," he said. It started as far back as 1905, when he was in the University of Madison, when his attention was turned to the large number of foreign students. He found a small International Club, which he entered. He then helped to organize the Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs of students, which was afterwards put on a world basis and although remaining at the University of Madison, he was the Executive Secretary of the International Association from 1911 to 1913—having attended the world's conference at the Hague in 1909, and at Rome in 1911. When the conference met in America, in 1913, there were over 200 students from 30 countries. The acquaintance with foreign students led him to the pacifist track. In 1913, he became Secretary of the Chicago Peace Society and being sent in 1914 to attend the Vienna Conference he got as far as Paris when the war began, which sent him back to Chicago. His peace society began to dissolve as war drew nearer to America's shores—and consequently an Emergency Peace Society was organized, in which Jane Addams was active: this society pushing the idea of neutral mediation.

Dr. Lochner was invited to join the Ford Peace enterprise, of which he will tell his own story in the new book. In 1916-1918 he was executive secretary of the Peoples' Council, growing out of an idea born in the Ford adventure.

And now for nearly two years, with a splendid working knowledge of German, French, Italian, and the Scandinavian languages, he is the European director of the Federated Press, which feeds 100 farm and labor papers in America. Along with his regular work he is daily making personal contacts between people of Germany and other lands, especially America. This last work, which is done gratuitously, he says, is most gratifying.

"Give me," I said, "a brief description of the situation in Germany." "It is this way," he replied:

The Germans clearly relied on the terms of the Armistice; and then later found themselves tied to the Treaty of Versailles. In my judgment they should never have signed what was clearly an outrage and impossibility. The German mentality is to-day made of the result coming from obvious deception by the Entente in the unfulfilled Fourteen Points, and the physical impossibility of doing what they have signed to do. Of course, it is the case of a highly and delicately industrialized nation caught in a terrible situation—a nation which is at the same time worn down physically. Added to this is also the fact that the people have probably lost some of their original initiation through years of severe discipline and obedience.

The Germans are unquestionably one of the most industrious people on the earth. They have a love for home, music, culture and practice mutual helpfulness. At the present time they are going to the "right"—politically and industrially; for which the Entente is solely responsible. There was after the war every chance for a democratic republic. After the revolution, the people generally had a high purpose to repair and reconstruct the damage of the war. Many overtures were made by German trade-unions. Even now the press is freer than in America. A communist conference was not only recently held but reported. I note that in America peaceful communist groups are disturbed and leaders arrested. However, the press is not so free now as after the Revolution.

"You ask about the church?" I should say that due to the recent wave of nationalism, attendance of the churches has increased. I cannot say that the churches of Germany have much power for the abolition of war.

The present passive resistance on the part of Germany is working; it is not a phrase, but is real. Personally I still believe in the power of folded arms to work effectively. It would be a great victory if Germany would win through passive resistance. In this respect I have more hope from the working than from the possessing class.

As to the Youth Movement I am not as well acquainted with it, as I ought to be. Of one thing I am certain, the youth of Germany to-day are very different from the youth of Germany 20 years ago. The contrast is startling: The old drink-beer youth has vanished or is vanishing!

"Have I got any best word for America?" Yes, several. I wish in the first place that America would do what has been done for several summers by workers in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Switzerland, who have opened their homes to thousands of German boys and girls without charge. For once, and for several months, these children have had plenty of food and air. I think that in most cases the workers have assumed the cost of transportation. This has been done by trade-unions, mind you! Only recently, Denmark's workers sent an invitation for 1,000 children of the Ruhr valley for next summer. American Labor has been recreant and should be ashamed. I am asking the Federated Press that American Labor get behind the bringing of one or two shiploads of German children to America, to enter the homes of the workers for several months—in homes where there is plenty of food and air. It would be a great thing for American Labor to

forget wages and hours momentarily and get behind a plan to bring over a shipload of 1,500 or 2,000 youngsters and give them a chance of life.

The other word I have for America is this: Germany made peace because she believed Wilson's 14 points. Although Wilson has faded out of the scene, America cannot evade the responsibility of his acts. I believe that America should stand for scrapping the Treaty of Versailles, should favor the cancellation of debts with the floating of an international loan; should realize that the Germany of 1923 is not the Germany of 1914.

Berlin, Germany. SYDNEY STRONG.

The Periscope

Ferdinand Schevill, professor of modern history at the University of Chicago, has given, in an article published in *The Freeman* (16 May, 1923), a most enlightening review of "France's Watch on the Rhine." As early as the thirteenth century, says Dr. Schevill, the French people had formed a national caste and were interested in pushing the frontiers of their country toward the Rhine. Assuming that this early French territorial movement was the result of the "inner urge of a healthy and expanding organism," Ferdinand Schevill traces from that early urge, the "tenacity" with which the French have clung to their foreign policy formulated in the interest of ambition, until that policy has become a vital part of their national consciousness, "absorbed into the very texture of the nation's being."

Lorraine, this noted historian points out, was originally an independent kingdom, but in the tenth century, through feudal devolution, became a territory of the German crown. This move on the part of Germany resulted in the later claim of the French legist, Pierre du Bois, that Lorraine belonged to France, a claim based on Charles having been, during the Crusades, "converted into a Frenchman and rebaptized Charlemagne." The fact that the German king was also the legal heir of Charles the Great was totally ignored by Pierre du Bois who insisted not only on the right of France to Lorraine (which, by this time had become an integral part of Germany) but to the whole Rhine country. This argument of Pierre du Bois was used even in the days of Napoleon I. as a source of inspiration for military conquest. But before Napoleon's time another "legend" was being circulated among the French people, a story based on the capture of Gaul—a region defined in Caesar's writings as lying between the Pyrenees on the west and the Rhine on the east—by that ancient war lord, Julius Caesar, and the identification of the French kingdom of the Valois and the Bourbons with that region. Such an assertion meant that in seeking ownership of the Rhine, the French were only desirous of reclaiming what was originally their possession. By the eighteenth century this second argument was, among the French publicists, largely dropped in the interest of a third, the doctrine of "natural frontiers," by which it was contended that the Rhine represented a natural, therefore a scientific and just boundary.

After reviewing this "literary camouflage," as he terms it, composed of France's claim—based on the acts of Charlemagne, and Caesar, and on the laws of nature—to the Rhine as her northwestern boundary, Dr. Schevill turns to the attempts of France under Louis XIV. and Napoleon Bonaparte to gain possession of the coveted region. The former, it will be remembered, having gained possession of Alsace, met with defeat when he tried to conquer "the middle and lower course of the German river," due to the fear of England and the resulting war of the Spanish Succession. The latter, Napoleon Bonaparte, gained for France the Rhine frontier for the whole length of the river, but his cupidity in trying to extend that boundary still further eastward, alarmed Europe, with the result that France was forced to give up her newly acquired territory, with the exception of Alsace. By the second half of the nineteenth century, Germany had gained strength sufficient to permit her in the war of 1870-71, to seize Alsace and a part of Lorraine. Regarding this incident Schevill says:

> For every country the time always comes when, instead of sticking to precedent and custom, the infinitely wiser course would prove to be to strike out on a new path. That Germany failed to do—with consequences which he who runs may read.

Arriving in his historical sketch to the world war, Dr. Schevill calls attention to the Paris conference in 1919 at which France not only took Alsace-Lorraine, but "incontinently demanded the whole left bank of the Rhine," and to the ill-fated treaty, which, while not giving France directly the Rhine for her national boundary, was so concocted as to make it possible for her to pursue that long-sought objective. M. Poincaré, says this historian, has no illusions on the utter impossibility of promoting industrial activity through military force. He is looking for ultimate gains; he is seeking to aid his nation in the achievement of her time-harbored quest. And what will be the result if France, which Dr. Schevill characterizes as "the spoiled child of Europe, privileged to indulge her most capricious desires," is permitted to play again the role attempted by Louis XIV. and Napoleon Bonaparte?

> When this situation becomes more clearly defined, when the rivals of France become aware what a giant they have permitted to grow up in their midst, will they not draw together to take counsel with a view to common action? Since, from such conditions, such a concentration has regularly followed in the past, is it not fairly safe to argue that it will repeat itself in the future? What does such a challenge, with its attendant alignment of the challenged, signify but new wars, new horrors, new devastations, perhaps the final chaos, in the black gulf of which our stunned and weakened civilization will completely disappear?

EDWARD ARTHUR ROCKWOOD.

Force in a World Order

In urging that "war must be outlawed" in a recent number of UNITY (May 3rd), Mr. Levinson argues against the "vicious doctrine of force" as sanction for the outlawry, saying with apparently telling effect that "you cannot get rid of war by getting up a scheme which requires war for its enforcement." He also cites the interesting and very notable fact that the decisions of our Supreme Court "have been carried out without the use of force for these 135 years." He proposes then a general treaty between the nations, abolishing war, setting up laws and courts in its stead, and trusting entirely to the good faith of the nations to observe the agreements they had made. It would surely be infinitely to the credit of the peoples of the earth, if they

should take such a step, and create a really working "United States of the World."

But would the "vicious" element of force be thereby left behind? Certainly if all the nations remembered their agreements, dutifully submitting such disputes as they could not satisfactorily settle themselves to the world court or courts, refraining from action till the decision was reached and abiding by the decision, force would become a superfluity, and tend more than ever to pass out of the habits of the human race. But, however much we may hope for such a result ultimately, must we not humanly-speaking expect now and then some individual unfaithfulness and aberration—and if so, what then? We have a "United States" on a limited scale already on our continent, one resting on the whole on the good faith and peaceful habits of our citizens and the communities or commonwealths in which they are locally grouped, and yet at least individual citizens sometimes take up arms against one another or start to. Do we then let them fight it out, or at most persuade them to desist, or do we, if necessary, *make* them stop and resort to the courts instead, and if they will not, put them in jail? And if cities or so-called "states" among us should take up arms, or threaten to, over boundary disputes or other matters,—inconceivable almost, and more difficult to deal with, as this would be —would they not be interfered with in a similar, if not the same, manner?

Well, under an ideal world-wide arrangement such as Mr. Levinson proposes, might not individual *nations* now and then forget *their* obligations, taking threatening attitude to one another and trusting to their own strong arms to protect what they conceive to be their rights, because impatient of the law's possible delay or sceptical as to whether even-handed justice would be done? Nations, as they actually exist now at large in the world, are more like our individual citizens than our cities or "states"—they have been accustomed perhaps for centuries to act for themselves individually and to do much as they pleased; there has been no law over them, nothing they were accustomed, not to say bound, to obey. Indeed they come nearer the freedom of the savage state of man than any other social institution —and sometimes (in war, at least) they act like savages. Must it not be expected then that occasionally some member or members of the World Union will be inclined to reassert their old freedom and do what is right in their own eyes—at least attempt or threaten in this direction? Of course, argument and peaceful persuasion may head off the disaster, but if all else is unavailing, what remains to prevent but *force majeure?* If in such a case it is not used, there is so far an end to law and an ordered society, and anarchy instead. So far as I can see, lawful force is the condition of the possibility of an ordered society, so long as individuals (small or great) do not heed the laws and persuasion is unavailing; and in all probability force will be as truly, if not as much, needed in what I hope will be the coming World Order as now, though in the natural course of things the need should be an ever diminishing one.

Mr. Levinson himself uses language which I cannot quite square with his view of the viciousness of force. He says that "Outlawry (of war) would compel the nations to take their law suits into court"; they would of course do this if they remembered their obligations, but if they did not, where would be the compulsion, if force was not to be used? Again, with reference to the old Hague Court and the new League Court, he complains that they have "no inherent power to settle a dispute that leads to war." He gives an illustration, "Suppose you claimed that a man owed you $1,000 and he disputed it and you couldn't take your case to court until the debtor consented. When do you suppose you would ever get your debtor into court? But this is the helpless kind of court that they have always given us internationally." Yet if consent is to be unnecessary, what is the alternative but force? What does "helplessness" mean, when applied to a court, but lack of force? What indeed does "jurisdiction" itself imply, which Mr. Levinson says our Supreme Court has over disputes between our states, and he wishes, as I understand, the international court to have? I am not a lawyer and may be mistaken, but to me the word suggests authority, power over those supposed to be subject to it—power at least to command their presence in court; the spectre of force lurks behind it.

An intelligent and discriminating idea about force and its legitimate uses seems to me one of the needs of the present day. The late war produced more buncombe and intellectual dishonesty—I do not mean among men of Mr. Levinson's type—about force as a *German* theory of the state than can be readily forgotten or forgiven. WILLIAM M. SALTER.

Silver Lake, N. Hampshire.

VIA CRUCIS

Recall these men back in their college days,
Idealists in heart and soul and mind,
Undaunted in the face of blame or praise,
Devoted to the future of mankind.

Have they stood firm in life's severer school
Or were their fine rhetoricals thin air?
One is a boss—another is his tool
Both seeking their advantage everywhere.

One sells his vote, another sells his mind
And yet another his old self-respect;
Some in the face of mobs corrupt and blind
Fail to stand four-square, manly, and erect.

And many, all forgetful of their youth,
For base advantage or for safe repose
Deny, reject, repudiate the truth,
Instead of suffering, inflict the blows.

Some turn to cynics who decry and sneer
And worship at the shrine of their poor wit,
Still others, spinning phantoms vague and queer
Despise the world—nor care to better it.

Each passing year serves only to record
How they have fallen from their high estate
To grovel in the things their youth abhorred,
The victims of their greed and petty hate.

Was it the crown of thorns, the bloody spear,
That filled the Savior's heart with trenchant pain,
Was it the sight of Judas, pale with fear,
That made him feel his ministry was vain?

JOHN G. BAXTER.

The New Evangelism

PART II.

There had been an accident in the edge of town that day, or the day before. A small boy had tried to swing on board a moving train, had missed his footing and slipped under the wheels, and the doctors had a little later amputated one of the boy's legs, above the knee. It was still a question whether he would survive the shock.

I stepped into a clothing store that afternoon where they had been discussing the accident. The proprietor, whom I had not met before, had been very active as a member of one of the local churches a few years earlier. Something had offended him, a church quarrel I believe, and he had thrown the church over-board. He was known now as an "infidel," very out-spoken and uncompromising in his "unbelief." He had a large library, I was told, mainly of scientific books, and his god was "science."

When he was introduced to me, and knew me as a minister, he raged at me about the accident. "If there were a God such things couldn't be," he said, shaking his fist in my face as though he would take out his sense of the futility of all religion upon me.

"Well," I replied, quietly, "suppose there isn't any God, how much does that help the matter? Will getting God out of the way put the boy's leg back?"

He was nonplussed. It had not occurred to him that I could be so unconcerned about defending God. What perplexed him more than my apparent indifference to God was that I had thrown back upon him his own problem, and was waiting for an affirmative solution of the matter from him. He could not answer me, except to resume rather incoherently in a moment his raging against religion. But I insisted upon the question, and he had to admit that he had no adequate reply.

That was thirty years ago. I had already sensed the doctrine of God which belongs to the New Evangelism, though I was slow to follow the clue. The New Evangelism is not concerned with the issue as to whether God is personal or impersonal. Its God is not the Big Man of the older theologies. Neither is He the nice subjective concept of the liberals. One of these has said, and I used to quote his words with a measure of approval, "God is at any given time the sum total of our highest ideals." That is not bad in its way. But its way is not the way of the New Evangelism. Neither is the New Evangelism content with the easy verbiage of a popular minister who reported in my hearing this conversation which he had lately held with a University student. "Just what do you mean when you say God?" asked the student, seriously. "Well," said the minister, "the Bible says, 'God is love.' There is another passage which speaks of God as 'light', and another yet which speaks of Him as 'truth'. Suppose we say then that God is love, God is light, God is truth." To which I added, disconcertingly, "And the Bible also says, 'Our God is a consuming fire'."

The God of the New Evangelism is reality. I do not mean by that, as a vague-minded woman who was dabbling in metaphysics tried to make me say when she heard the word, "Yes, divine reality." I intend no such intangible bit of nebulous nothingness. I mean that laying aside all questions of theology and metaphysics we must deal first of all with the mass and process of life as we actually experience it. Let us suppose, if you insist upon it to get the full force of my words, that there is no God. Anyway, the universe is here. And the universe is a body of fact which we are up against very realistically all the time. We can think of it as a chaos, blind, haphazard, lawless. We can think of it as a devil, "nature red in tooth and claw," a thing of tearing talons and bloody fangs. Or we can think of it as somehow beyond all our present understanding justifying the faith which Jesus had and which He summed up in the word "Father." Your reaction to the question as to the ultimate meaning of the universe is a matter of belief, or unbelief. But the universe itself is not. You may argue that it is, but while you argue you will call for food and shelter and clothes just like other men, you will be affected by variations of climate and situation, you will go the round of life's common stages, youth, maturity, age, you will prove yourself part of the civilization which environs you, and the process through which your section of that civilization is passing just now. And the measure in which you reconcile yourself to this reality of individual and social experience will determine for you the issues of your life. Whether or not there is a God in heaven there is beyond question a God on earth, that is a body of commanding reality in which you are a quite incidental part.

Do you remember that story about Abraham Lincoln, how in a crisis of the Civil War some pious interviewer said to him, in what he intended to be a very religious manner, "Mr. Lincoln, I hope the Lord is on our side." To which Mr. Lincoln responded, with a deeper meaning than most people find in the words, "Well, my friend, I hope that we are on His side."

Lincoln was a student of life, a careful observer of the area and the order of world facts and events. He was less concerned with promoting the notion of an invisible champion in the heavens than he was in seeking to get at the meaning of history and contemporary events so far as they threw light upon the problems of the hour. He was the social scientist more than the speculative religionist, and it was for this reason that he proved a wise leader in the maze of the mad times when he was president. Had there been more of his kind, in either North or South, we might have missed the Civil War. There were tens of thousands, millions of folks both North and South, who thought they believed in God, and did believe in Him in a speculative, theological, conventional way. But there were pitiably few who had any understanding of the actual God, the "God of things as they are," the body of living reality which was shaping slavery to its tragic collapse. The Civil War did not come out of abstractions, speculations, definitions, scholasticisms. If it had the churches might have helped to meet it, or avoid it, for they live in such stuff. The trouble is they do not live in the stuff out of which life itself is made, especially our social life, which is in the main the determinant of our individual life of course. The churches are always prating about being "reconciled with God," which is usually a very artificial and always a very individual affair. And the reconciliation which is needed is neither individual nor artificial. What men and women need is to be reconciled to the actual course of life, world life not just their own personal lives, to understand

what is happening in the basic things of every day.

Europe was not lacking in churches, and schools, and all manner of cultural life before 1914. There were creeds a plenty, plenty of good preaching, that is good oratory and good sentimentalizing, and all that sort of thing. But there was no social understanding, no sense of history except of the conventional kind that is concerned with the glorification of political and military nobodies, no consciousness of the economic order. A few men saw what was doing, and tried to speak out, only to be called hard names and driven into exile. But the churches had not the remotest notion that God, the actual God, was at work, at work as a consuming fire, indeed, burning the foundations from under the old, rotten order in Europe, and preparing it to fall on the heads of all who were in it in the hour of collapse. The Philistines were not stupider that day when they watched Samson stiffening his arms against the pillars of their temple to push it down than were the religious and moral leaders of Europe when the crash of the Great War drew upon them. And this because they did not know the god of reality, the god of the world process.

Economic determinism! What is it? Not a name; not just a theory. Back of name and theory is the fact which none of us can deny, debate about details and proportions as we will, the fact that our lives are cast in the mould of an actual world, that the mass of world life is mightier far than all our individual willings and wishings, which are themselves the fruitage of the social soil, that this world life is a moving, changing, evolving thing, and that for us it is "god," master, creator, judge, a saviour or a destroyer, the arbiter of our lives and of the lives of all our fellows.

This, then, is the first task of the New Evangelism, "to reconcile men to God," not the god of dogma, the god of metaphysics, the god of a nice idealism, but the god of land and tools and mechanical processes and social institutions and the actual evolution of economic life, that is of every day life. We have been mooning off in the skies for him, and have fallen over the handles of plow and harvester into the ditch of industrial confusion and commercial destruction. God is in our tools much more than he is in our speculations. And until we find him in the tools of field and factory we are going to make a mockery of our churches and schools, because they will serve as they have served too often, merely to make us think we are learning wisdom when we are in fact rushing forward toward the abyss.

(*To be continued next week.*)

Seattle, Washington. ROBERT WHITAKER.

Country Glimpses

The Spring about Chicago has been a series of disappointments—one bright warm day and the grass takes on a greener hue, the leaves push their way a bit further out and the flower buds begin to show color; but a week of cooler weather leaves them at a standstill. Down in the garden, we eagerly watched a tree —for weeks it seemed not to change except that the bark on the smaller branches grew less dingy looking and we knew the sap was coursing through its veins, then the buds began to swell and then to burst. For a week the tree looked as if strung with tiny seed pearls but gradually the buds changed into little leaves. Suddenly the tree was green.

Fate, in the guise of the music festival, took us to Cincinnati. The beauty of the country was a revelation to me, who had visited it only in the leafless season. Spring was certainly there. Summer was nigh the beginning of her reign. A motor trip took us into the country; that glorious sunny morning can never be forgotten. Below us the Ohio, winding and turning —the rolling fields on this side, and farmlands, backed by wooded hills, seen through the gleaming barks of the plane trees, on the farther side. Our motor turned and twisted with the winding road and took the hills, as eager for them as we were. The hillsides gleamed in myriad-toned beauty—here grew the pinkish purple of the red-bud or Judas tree, so gorgeous and so delightful that we could scarcely speak for joy—here the white of the flowering dog-wood—here the copper color of the beeches and the brown and yellow of the freshly turned earth—here a group of cotton-wood trees, their young leaves resembling garlands of pale gray flowers—here the delicate bloom of the apple close beside the flowering white blossoming cherry whose petals were falling like snow flakes—a little further on the purple of the plum and here in the center the black trunks and branches of the leafless trees, resembling the center of a paisley shawl, and all surrounded by the cool green fringe of the young willows.

Each turn of the river gave us an enchanted view. Off in the distance, the rolling hills of Indiana; in another direction, and quite near, the blue hills of Kentucky. Here the Miami flowed into the Ohio, and further on the little Miami gurgled over its rocky bed and, leaving its sandy banks, overflowed into the same great river.

We visited the tomb of Tippecanoe in a delightful old grave-yard. Removing our hats, we threw ourselves on the ground and stretched our arms in appreciation and gratitude for this delightful day—this delightful country. Close by, two little girls were playing and they soon came and shyly offered us bouquets of violets and myrtle. At our backs was the river; at our right a huge beech tree, its great trunk gleaming in the sunlight while, amid its tender young green leaves, four Blue Jays fluttered, chased and scolded. "Looking for a place to build," we thought, "and where could a more delightful location be found?" But the proud birds were not so easily satisfied. Off they flew, chattering noisily, to another and another tree. Below us a ravine, its banks so green and beyond, the red-bud in great profusion. Suddenly three musical notes reached our ears. A moment's thought, and we decided that it was a Whip-poor-will. The music came from some nearby tree and soon we discovered a small gray and black bird, quite unknown to us, that cocked its head at us and again flooded the air with its melody. The grass at our feet was dotted with purple violets and we had only to turn our heads towards the river, and use our imagination a little, to fancy ourselves looking across the Rhine to the vineyards beyond.

As we resumed our ride, a meadow lark rose from a field, gave us a song and soared away. The chortle of the black birds resounded from the marshes

—a blue bird eyed us saucily from a near-by fence and two wild doves arose from the road and flew into the wood at our approach. The golden wings of a flicker caught the sun's rays and reflected its radiance —the robins sailed happily across our pathway and, as we stopped for a splendid view, we heard the "Bob-White" of the quail (which is here classed as a song bird and therefore protected from the hunters), and a brown thrush flew low into the bushes.

We turned city-ward quite, quite full of that joy too deep for words, but with a memory we can never lose.

H. S. N.

CORRESPONDENCE

Times and the Man

(1)

My dear Editor:

You will remember my writing you last Fall in regard to the tone of UNITY. In order that you may have another sidelight on UNITY, I enclose the March number of "The Treasure Chest" which is edited by Thomas Dreier, who, I think, is as broad religiously as Mr. Jones was.

Sincerely yours,
FREDERICK P. BAGLEY.

(2)

[ENCLOSURE]

THE DANGER OF "VIEWING WITH ALARM"

The first time I ever heard Rev. John Haynes Holmes preach was at one of George W. Coleman's open forum meetings in Ford Hall, Boston. He was young and handsome and talked like a man who had dedicated his life to God and love. Listening to him, one felt it would be a joy to follow him. He spoke brilliantly, but there was kindliness in his brilliancy. He was a leader looking forward to a promised land. For those who thought right and acted right he saw goodness and beauty and happiness.

He was not talking about a life hereafter, either. He concerned himself only with this earth and this life. To him at that time all good works seemed possible. He made one feel that it was a privilege to be alive and in this world at the time.

A short time ago I heard him again. What a change had taken place! The kindliness had disappeared from his voice. The world and its leaders were wrong. Everything seemed headed for destruction. He was intolerant, hard, uninspiring.

Possibly the trouble with John Haynes Holmes is that he hates too many evils and hasn't great enough love for the good.

I have great sympathy for a man who wields a shillalah, because half of me is Irish and knows some of the joys of cracking a head. In my early newspaper days I looked for the evils in our city and I found plenty of them to uncover. The stories sold papers, but that's about all that happened.

When I had sense enough to turn from destructive criticism to constructive suggestion and began to figure out ways in which the evils might be driven out by substituting good, the stories I wrote were not nearly so exciting. But I could go to sleep at night conscious of the fact that I had done some constructive work and had hurt nobody.

There are few men in this country who are more brilliant than John Haynes Holmes. Instead of concentrating so much of his time upon advertising the things in the world that are evil, why does he not remind us over and over and over again of ideals which it should be our joy to materialize?

Mr. Holmes talks like a salesman representing the devil, when what he ought to show us are the wares of God.

—*The Treasure Chest.*

(3)

May 1, 1923.

Dear Mr. Bagley:

I am certainly glad you sent me this article in "The Treasure Chest."

The author says that he first heard me at one of the forum meetings in Ford Hall; this was years ago and he testifies that I was young, full of kindness, preached a gospel of happiness and in general was optimistic. Then he said that he heard me again "a short time ago" and that the kindliness had disappeared. "The world and its leaders were wrong. Everything seemed headed for destruction. (I) was intolerant, hard, uninspiring." He then adds, "What a change had taken place." Yea, verily, what a change had taken place!! But, was this change in me, may I ask, only in me, or was it also somewhere else? The thing that strikes me is that between the first time this man heard me and the second time, the greatest war in the history of modern peoples was fought for four long years, leaving the world in ruin, civilization at the threshold of destruction, and humanity disillusioned of its faiths and ideals. What kind of a man do you think I would be if I could live through the nine years from 1914 to 1923 and be on the latter date the same kind of a man that I was on the former date? It was easy to be young and joyful and happy before the war, for the new day seemed very near at hand. It is not easy now —no, it would be criminal to be an optimist in any such fashion.

I fear that you may think me cranky, but I must be honest with you and thus confess that I take this article as one of the greatest compliments that I have ever received in my life. It helps to convince me that I have not been spiritually insensitive to the agonies of men in this age, and thus do I find comfort, even though my soul is devastated and wrecked in the process.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Persuasive Pacifism

[The following letter, written by a clergyman to a colleague, without thought of publication, is printed here because of its exceptionally sympathetic and persuasive statement of the pacifist position. We know that our readers will value it as we do. —EDITORS.]

April 2, '23.

My dear Doctor L——:

Thank you very much for your kind letter. The tone of it prompts me to write you what has been on my mind for some time. Before doing so, however, I must make plain to you my attitude concerning the late war and war memorials. Please pardon my taking up so much time giving you my viewpoint.

I do not feel embittered and censorious towards those who differ from me very radically. I think that I have gotten rid of the most of the Ku Klux spirit of intolerance. I do not inherit my religious, social, or political opinions. I was bred in a rigidly conservative atmosphere of British Toryism, the beneficiary of a system which I have since come to consider altogether unjust. When I am tempted to grow impatient with conservatism and perhaps a little supercilious I have but to remember some of my earlier views and utterances to keep me properly tolerant and humble.

When in college, as the result of a more liberal atmosphere, I went over to a mild form of political liberalism, but still continued to regard king, lords, and commons as a divinely sacred arrangement, the most perfect on earth. A year or two after leaving college the Boer war broke out and I was intensely enthusiastically patriotic. It was about the time that word came that a class-mate and friend of mine, Lieutenant Borden, was among the dead on the field of Paaderburg that I got into a rather bitter controversy over the war. I denounced Lloyd George and his "unpatriotic and traitorous" opposition. I was not just then in a mood to feel kindly towards pacifists. My opponent said to me very quietly, "Can you tell me of any war that we (the British) have engaged in during the last hundred years that we can be proud of—not considering the present one?" I stopped and was silent for a few moments. Surely there must be one. I knew that the Afghan war was an outrage, that the Chinese opium war was unspeakable, nobody but the ultra Tories any longer considered the Crimean war in which we had won great "glory" by the charge of the light brigade, etc., as anything but a costly blunder—much valuable British blood spilt to keep the Turk firmly entrenched in Europe. Finally I regretfully admitted that I was unable to think of any. He then remarked, "We will not discuss the matter any further but ten years from now all intelligent Englishmen will agree that Lloyd George was correct on this war and will put it beside all the other needless and useless wars."

That started me examining the whole matter. The hours and days of study and thought that followed affected an entire revolution in my outlook upon the world and especially upon international relations.

Just the other day I had a talk with a very belligerent and anti-German Canadian. I asked him if he could name me the most thoroughly iniquitous war that was waged in the last hundred years. He hesitated a few minutes, and said, "Well, which one do you think it was?" I said, "England's opium war with China." He at once reddened to the ears and said, "Yes of course it was. But why bring up that devilish thing?

Why rub salt into the sore?" "Because," I replied, "there is no hope of any world peace until we see ourselves from the viewpoint of the others, until we who live in such fantastic glass houses stop throwing stones at others, and until we learn the meaning of the words 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us'; and I wonder whether we would have the grace to forgive were we in China's place and had the millions of our people so fiendishly debauched for the sake of the profits of the opium traffic, and then when we attempted to prohibit the stuff had the poison forced upon us at the point of the bayonet." When we talk of this or that wrong and of Anglo-Saxon superiority let us remember that it was Anglo-Saxons that perpetrated this worst of all international crimes. It may be well too for us to remember that it was the United States that made the unprovoked war against Mexico, the war in which the government started proceedings against Abraham Lincoln for treason because of his attitude. It was President Grant, an American officer in that war who, writing in the conquered city of Mexico in his diary, said, "No more unprovoked war was ever waged by a strong nation upon a weaker one." Years afterwards when dying and writing his memoirs he declared that nothing had transpired since that which had made him alter his opinion about it. I know that it is said that England and the U. S. have since repented their action. We insist that Germany shall repent and show her repentance by compensation and restitution. What restitution are we making?

I am afraid that you think that I take the attitude that one should make no defense against highwaymen and burglars, etc. The cases are by no means parallel. It is nonsense in the light of what has happened in international politics to say that there are certain nations that take the place of the robbers, rapists, and burglars. The man who is a moral degenerate and inclined to murder is not an assasin one day and a righteous man the next. Good citizens do not occasionally run amuck, committing all sorts of murders and outrages. The contention that we make is this, that human nature is pretty much the same everywhere. That human nature averages up about the same in Germany as in England, in Italy as in the United States. I think it very probable that the Germans during the war committed unspeakable horrors. I think so because I know what American mobs do at Herrin, Mer Rouge and a score of other places. I protest that the average of American nature is not represented by the latter nor is the average of German nature represented by the former. We have no more to fear from any other nation than they have to fear from us. We are all caught in the meshes of a vile system that teaches us that it is our duty to shoot one another in a quarrel whose rights and wrongs we know nothing of because of secret diplomacy. Even in the case of an obvious wrong being inflicted why should I take my gun and go out to meet the invader? The man who is really doing the invading is safe far in the rear. The warmakers press the button and start in motion the patriotic machine which pushes the simple son of the farmer or mechanic out into the battle-front and tells him that the war he is engaged in is one for the protection of his home.

As a matter of fact, where are there any avowed militarists? There is nobody to-day that announces that he is in favor of any but defensive war. Not for ages has there been an avowedly offensive war. No army would march just for the sake of making war.

Furthermore I do not wish you to think that I do not admire the heroism of the men who faced shot and shell with a sincerely patriotic or idealistic purpose. I sincerely do. That is the tragedy of the whole affair. Millions of men on both sides laid down their lives in this last war feeling that it was the only thing that they could do for the success of a righteous cause. But is that a good reason why we should build memorials to them? Are we in need of any more such devotion? Do we not know that if there is any more such sacrifices there will be nobody left to build memorials? I have not the slightest doubt that the southern armies of the civil war considered that they were fighting for a just cause. I deeply regret that the monument to the noble Robert E. Lee in Washingon was made to Lee the General and not to Lee the great American of peace who did so much for his country when the war was over.

I believe that Senator Borah, and before him Senator Knox, has shown us the way out of the impassé in which we find ourselves. We shall all hear more about Borah's plan, for until now it is the only real plan for abolishing war that has been presented. —S.

A Voice from the Cultivated South

Rev. John Haynes Holmes:

I find an article in *To-Day's Housewife* magazine, or I might say the trash-heap, for a magazine of any standing would never have printed the article by you, so as that it might have found its way in the homes of refined, cultivated people. If you uncultivate people in the North like negro well enough to mary them, come down South we will give you wives *"you"* can appreciate. . . . I wish you Northern people had every one of (our negroes) living in your homes marying your sons. In the South they never will. We have them as our servants and there are no Mrs. and Mr., no going to our schools and churches, no parks, no libraries, and they go to back door. They know there places, and then for you upstarts talking about the negro is something you know nothing about. And I will tell you right now no negro in the South wants to mary a white woman. I don't doubt they do up North as they are one of you. If you lived in the South and made the expressions you did in this article, you would find yourself hanging from a limb of a tree.

I thank God I live in the South among *refined* people. In my home I have a cook, a houseman, a wash-woman, all my servants, am kind to them, pay them well, they are perfectly dependent on the white man for a living, are unappreciative. . . . I wish every one of them were either in the North or Africa. They stay in their places, if they did not our real men would see that they do. They respect the Southern people, but have very little respect for Northern people, feel they are no better than they are, and are *not,* or else they could not feel towards them as they do. I don't know whether you are white or black, could hardly tell, but think you are white or else I would never have written you at all. Hope I have not made a mistake.

V. D. L., Librarian, ———, Ky.

My dear Mrs. L.:

I beg to acknowledge your letter just received. I of course deplore the spirit in which you write, and wonder how such a letter can come from what you call "refined, cultivated people." You say that if I said in the South such things as I wrote in my article, I would be hanged "from a limb of a tree." I suppose that this is another sign of cultivation!

Yes, I am white, although, as I read your letter, I see nothing to be proud of in that fact. On the contrary, your letter makes me feel ashamed of my color. But I must thank you for saying that you do not feel sure whether I am black or white. I esteem that one of the greatest compliments I have ever received in my life. Therefore am I grateful to you!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

THE NOOSE.

A PROTEST AGAINST CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

The noose, the noose! May God forgive the man
  Who draws it taut about a brother's throat
    And sends him down to choking agony!
May God forgive; his conscience never can!
  The hour returns and hated visions float
    Before his eyes however hard he be!

The human spirit was not meant for crime
  Out-lawed or legal in this world of ours;
    Oh, it was meant for gracious tender things!
And it revolts, cries out against the time
  It sees the victim helpless in the powers
    Of noose and binding-scarf and trap that springs!

The savagery of ancient law obtains
  In spite of love within the human heart;
    In spite of spires upon a thousand hills!
Tradition holds the race in gnawing chains
  And they who need but pity feel the smart
    Of scourge, the grewsome cell, the noose that kills!

The noose, the noose! May God in love unknot
  The cord with strong, relentless, righteous hands
    And bid the sinner go and sin no more!
Love will, some day, plant o'er each bloody spot
  White lilies—white against the kindly sands;
    And man shall grander be than e'er before!

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER.

Cassadaga, Florida.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

THE YOUTH MOVEMENT IN GERMANY.

On a hot spring day in Cologne, just three years ago, when the British occupation seemed momentarily to have overwhelmed all national characteristics so that the most German sight visible was a little girl with long plaits, her hand confidingly placed in that of an English Tommy who could not say a word that she understood, I suddenly saw a couple of Wandervögel. If they had come up through a trap-door their appearance would have scarcely seemed more magical. There they stood in front of the Dom, bareheaded and barefoot, tanned with sun and rain, dressed picturesquely in leather and buckskin, hung round with camp equipment, their guitars slung mediævally across their shoulders. It was the old Germany of Grimm and Hans Sachs living over again in the modern Youth Movement, and asserting itself, a little bewildered, but unchangeable, in the heart of post-war Germany.

The next time this writer came in contact with the German Jugendbewegung was in February of this year. It was in the People's Hall of an old Saxon industrial town; and the occasion was a meeting called by the local federation of ex-soldiers to discuss the Ruhr situation. It was open to all, but the great majority present belonged to the Arbeiter-Jugendbewegung (Workers' Youth Movement) —young people, that is, of the industrial class, who had come through a war childhood into a lean youth, who had never known sufficiency of anything, still less luxury, but who cared infinitely more for things of the mind and spirit than for any material considerations. It was intensely interesting to find them gathered here, refusing to be roused to hatred of the "traditional" enemy or sidetracked from the doctrine of passive resistance even by the passionate rhetoric of the ex-general who opposed the constructive suggestions of the principal speaker. It had not been surprising to find this sort of feeling just after the German Revolution, when the whole country was sick of war and all the young people went about singing "Wir sind jung und das ist schön," as our poets did after the French Revolution. But that it should still be surviving in the light of recent events seems to demand some notice from psychologists and other students of the spirit of youth everywhere.

Most people have by this time heard of the pre-war revolt of German youth, dating from the beginning of the century, which was a protest against conventional education, against doing things according to rule, therefore against militarism and the stupid fashions of duelling, excessive smoking and beer-drinking, in fact against any slavery to custom—a revolt which led to the rise of the Wandervögel (Wanderbirds) and, later, to that of the Freideutschejugend (Free German Youth). This early movement was essentially romantic, not political, and its membership was drawn mainly from the universities and high schools, not from the workshops. The young people of both sexes who wandered bareheaded about the country on Sundays and holidays, belonged almost exclusively to the well-to-do classes, though rarely to the Junker set. Excessive regimentation had driven them back to nature. Collecting folk songs and dances and stories as they tramped over Germany, they did a valuable service in publishing and saving these from extinction.

Then the war came with its romantic appeal, and seemed for the moment to absorb the Youth Movement. But, already reinforced before 1914 by a parallel awakening among the workers, the movement had more to do than is generally supposed with the final revolt against the old regime; and spade-work done during the last two years of the war by the "Young Guard" of the working class did much to bring about the German Revolution in 1918. It was then that the Arbeiter-Jugendbewegung made such rapid strides, taking on a political complexion, though of an independent kind, and thus attracting many of the young middle-class intellectuals who believed also in social reform and the necessity for a change in the basis of society.

There is much that is common to both wings of the German Youth Movement —consisting, on the one side, of the Arbeiter-Jugendbewegung, mainly international, Socialist, pacifist; and on the other, the Wandervögel and Frei-deutschejugend, with innumerable smaller bodies connected with religious circles; Woodcraft Guilds, and so on. But in both you will find the same desire for simplicity of life, for individual freedom combined with a communal sense, the same conviction that love of country is embodied in the preservation of folk literature and music and dance, the same determination to scorn smoking, drinking, stiff collars, cropped hair, and other signs of conventionality. In both, friendliness towards other nations is a dominant note.—*Evelyn Sharp.*

NEWS FROM INDIA.

The National Week commemorating the inauguration of the Satyagraha movement and the ordeal of Jallianwala Bagh four years ago, now commences. Much water has flown under the national bridge during the past four years. It would be no exaggeration to say that the face of the Indian nation has been completely transformed since the bureaucracy flung the Black Bills at it. The spirit of non-violence and self-respect which was born during the period of travail has been permanently infused into the national life and will not be easily shaken off by the nation for years, if not generations to come. It was the rarest fortune that could befall any nation that during this period of travail the people of India had at their head a saintly and far-visioned leader of the type of Mahatma Gandhi, who could direct the overflowing energies of the nation into healthy and beneficial channels and who could impart to his people the glorious vision of the imperishable Truth. It is true that with the passage of time and especially with the removal of the leader from their midst, the vision has become dim to the eyes of some of his followers, but to those whose vision is still clear, the call of the truths which the Mahatma preached and the goal he set in view of his countrymen is as compelling as it was four years ago. The progress made by the nation towards the goal of Swaraj and the assimilation of the teachings of the Mahatma has, doubtless, been substantial, but it is not completely satisfactory. "Swaraj in one year" was the ideal he set before his countrymen and how woefully did the latter fail to achieve it! They thought that by simply calling upon their leader to do everything needful—like the cartman in Aesop's fable who called upon Hercules to help him to lift the cart from the rut into which it had fallen—they would get Swaraj. They did not think it necessary to help themselves and to fulfil the necessary conditions their leader had laid down. They failed to realize that even Mahatma Gandhi, great as he was, could not give them Swaraj, if they failed to strive for it themselves. The removal of the leader from their midst must at least bring home to them one lesson and that is that Swaraj must be earned, not won as a prize in a lottery. The way to Swaraj has been pointed out unmistakably by the Mahatma: It lies through the removal of untouchability, the consolidation of Hindu-Muslim-Parsi-Sikh-Jew-Christian Unity, the manufacture and use of Khaddar, and non-violence. There is no royal road to Swaraj —no, not even through the "Reforms," which have been conclusively shown to be a facade of masks and shams. Let the nation resist with all its might the creeping sloth and bestir itself once again and as sure as day follows night, it is bound to reach the goal.—*The Bombay Chronicle.*

THE NO MORE WAR MOVEMENT.

A Clear Statement of Its Objects.

The No More War Movement is distinct from other Peace organizations in the fact that all its members have signed the Declaration that they will decline to take part in war.

The Movement insists that those who desire Peace must not only preach No More War but must *act* it. This is its central distinguishing feature.

The Special Purpose of the Movement.

The members of the Movement co-operate with all those who seek to remove the causes of war and to replace the war-breeding civilization of the present time by a new Social Order based on co-operation. They realize that these fundamental changes are necessary if the danger of war is to be removed, and they work enthusiastically for them.

But the particular purpose of the Movement is to inculcate the principle of Resistance to War under all circumstances. It calls upon all men and women who realize the inhumanity of war to say, "We will have no part in it. We will not fight, we will not make munitions, we will not do work to release others for fighting, we will not contribute to War Loans. We will encourage others to act in this way also. We will do all that we can to organize definite resistance to War on these lines."

The War Resisters' International.

The Movement is the British Section of an International Federation of similar organizations. This policy is not only being advocated in one country. There are bodies of War Resisters in America, Hol-

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land, Germany, Austria, Russia, and Scandinavia, and groups are being formed all over the world. These men and women are the pioneers of the time when the peoples of all lands shall have such a sense of their brotherhood that to kill each other will be impossible.

Total Disarmament.

Believing that all war is wrong—civil war for purposes of social revolution equally with wars between nations—the No More War Movement advocates total disarmament. It recognizes that with the modern developments of warfare—the destruction of vast populations by bombs releasing death-dealing chemicals—the mere limitation of armaments is meaningless. But, apart from this consideration of expediency, the Movement urges that those nations which really desire to end war should boldly declare that they will rely in future, not on armed defense, but on the justice of their policies and on the response in goodwill which such policies will create in other nations.

Disarmament of Mind.

Even disarmament, however, can be no guarantee of peace unless the mind and spirit of the peoples are disarmed. Aeroplanes and chemicals used for commercial purposes could be converted into war implements in a day. The great necessity is to create an attitude in men and women torward each other which will make the slaughter of their fellows unthinkable. The No More War Movement seeks to arouse this attitude and the decision to refuse to take part in war which must arise from it.

The No More War Demonstrations.

The No More War Movement must not be confused with the No More War Demonstrations. The Movement helped to start the Demonstrations in this country and to extend them abroad, but they are organized quite independently and participation in the demonstrations in no way involves the acceptance of the position of the No More War Movement.

London, England. *No More War.*

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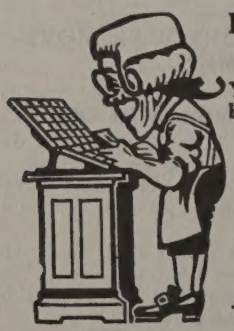

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